



UNITED STATES ARMY AIR FORCES

Monday
Noon

Dear Mom:

flying colors, but about 10 others
washed out. They've pretty heart-
broken. These tests are something
new in the basic. We're the first
to have them. Most men washed
out on eyes, some pulse or Blood pres-
I'll write you a letter tomorrow
noon. I love you. Love to all. *[Signature]*

Tuesday

Dearest Mom:

I recieved my robe Monday, and I can sure use it. I think I'll send back the robes as I don't need them.

Since I wrote you that card Monday noon a few more fellows have washed out. These physicals are tough! About 10% have washed out already. You see, these tests are something new to save the government money by sending useless material to college. I sure am glad I passed.

We had another typhoid

shot at 1430 today. Beside
the fact that I can't move
my left arm much, there's
no other ill effects.

I'm awfully sorry to know
you have a cold, angel.
Take care of it now. Don't
worry me too, when you're
not well.

I wrote Bobby, + Maury
Sunday. I also wrote to
Don, Sue, the Dalrymples,
and you. Oops, almost
forgot Charlie. Come to
think of it I wrote Dee,
too. When, what a day!

Today, Tuesday is gas
day. We have to carry
our gas masks with us
all day, because tear
gas bombs are exploded
unexpectedly all over camp.

We had our first taste of tear gas today when in the middle of a lecture our eyes began to smart and water, our skin burned and we couldn't breathe, risking burning our lungs. That tear gas is no plaything it's a strong, ~~toxic~~ irritating gas. You've gotten smoke in your eyes, well that's nothing compared to the pain that this stuff causes.

Right after that first taste we were taken to the gas chamber where we got wiffs of

mustard, phosgene, (similar but more powerful and deadly than mustard). These were given to us in very diluted doses 890. Then we went into a room filled with tear gas, Chloracetophenone, CN, (that's the technical name) in 100% strength. Then two at a time we had to take off our masks and run out of the chamber. I yanked off my mask, shut my eyes, held my breath and ran like hell, smack into the hairy wall! What a workout. When ~~we~~ got out of there ~~he~~ was bowed and crying like a baby, just generally beat, the whole victory garden.

III

I can sure use those Fleetwoods. from Robby, it'll be good to have a decent cigarette. Thank ~~here~~ for me. I'll sure enjoy your little package too, how I can hardly wait. So can't the rest of the boys.

Well angel I have to go to chow now, so with all my love, and more love to all, I remain:
Your loving Son

John

Put Jackson Clark, 1222080
301st Training Wing R.T.G. 16
Greensboro, N.C.



Mrs. Ruth S. Clark
Pelham Whitmore apt.
Pelham, 65, New York